

THE
1st Hang-Man's Lamentation ;

no. 1

OR, THE

Chancellour's Farewel!

22. April. 1689.

Abusive on him.

HAve at the Blind Harper's, for once let us try,
To Sing a Poor Chancellour's Sad Destiny,
Bewayl'd by Three Kingdoms, without one wet Eye.

*Then Farewel Jeffreys, Old Boy Jeffreys,
Ever and ever Farewel.*

With Popery and Slavery, he Thriv'd Cock-a-hoop;
But when Right, Law, and Gospel, began to Look Up,
He got a Consumption, and dy'd of a Droop.

Then Farewel, &c.

To Die neither Satan, nor Belzebub's Debtors;
Some say he's but gon to Visit his Betters;
And to take up a Lodging for Old Father Petre's.

Then Farewel, &c.

Yes, the Chancellour's Dead, and would ye know why?
His Boys in the West, like Goblins stood by;
And with Bloody Pitch-forks, kill'd him Dead in the Eye.

Then Farewel, &c.

The Ghosts of his Martyrs, they made such a Stir there,
That Great Russel's Ghost, and Cornish's Murther,
E'en frightened his Soul, to the Devil and further.

Then Farewel, &c.

The sad Thought of Hemp, pierc'd him thoro' and thoro',
And to tell you the Truth, in meer Grief and Sorrow;
He e'en Died to Day, to save Hanging to Morrow.

Then Farewel, &c.

This Hector that once cou'd Roar, Swagger, and Bristle,
Our great Son of Thunder's, gon out like a Fizzle;
And bids both the Sheriffs, and Hangman go Whistle,

Then Farewel, &c.

But to march off so sneaking, in troth was fowl play,
For his good Friends of Holbourn, as all People say,
Complain he has lost them a whole Holy-Day.

*Then Farewel Jeffreys, Old Boy Jeffreys,
Ever and ever Farewel.*

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